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BREVITIES

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BROADWAY BREVITIES

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When Two Play the Dice

Mary had been married to Jinks ten years. One evening, at the end of the pallid ten years, Mary sat down and thought the nuptial decade over.

"Pretty drab," she admitted. Jinks never blew his nose at the table or ate saltines in bed, but he was, oh, so awfully dull. If only he'd do something rash, try to fight a cover charge, sass a cop back or argue with the cook—anything—she could be interested. But no—the devil a thing he'd do but be painfully Harlemish.

So she decided she'd hunt for a thrill. Just then the phone rang, and, heavenly powers! Jinks committed the first *gaucherie* of his long incumbency. "I can't get home to dinner, Mary" he said; "I have to take Buckley, Buffalo buyer, out to a cabaret."

Here was her chance. Donning a smart frock she taxied down to one of the big hotels, and dropped in a lobby settee to wait for her thrill. She hadn't long to wait. A well-dressed good-looking chap caught her eye, and came right over.

"Are you waiting for someone?" he asked. She said she wasn't. "Well, then," said he, I'm not waiting for anyone either—so come have a cup of tea with me and we'll keep each other company. She arose and followed obediently. Mary was exceedingly pretty, and she knew it. Her charms worked quickly upon her nameless companion.

He had ordered some Pommery, events moved rapidly, and from very accretion of a deadly decade of boredom, she surrendered herself to them. Her handsome chap said: "I want you more than anyone I have ever seen." His ardor nullified his split infinitive. She replied: "Then let us leave."

When they parted, four hours later, she exclaimed: "Do you know dear, I do not even have your name?" "Pet", he answered "I am so sorry. You made me forget it, you wonderful, wonderful being."

"Tomorrow at 2, he added."

She glanced at the card. It read. H. E. Buckley, Buffalo, N. Y.

So this was the man Jinks said he was taking to dinner . . . She was even . . . And marvelously happy.

—C. G. S.

ANNA SPENCER GOWNS WORTH HAVING IN YOUR WARDROBE, 244 W. 42



GENEVA MITCHELL

Whose youth and beauty irradiate the "Midnight Frolic," and whose rise to fame is one of the phenomenal events of the theatrical year. A great future seems assured for her.



Tell Us Another Good Joke!

Telephone Co. announces: "Our service is normal."

* * *

What Did She Mean?

Chap, the other night, calling up his sweetie, said he didn't know whether to see her or visit his doctor to have his head massaged. She replied: "Why, just flip a coin!"

* * *

Passon Johnson Kitches 'Em

At a colored revival meeting the other night on Lenox Avenue the darkey preacher announced the text for the following evening as "Liars." and as a preliminary canter to this interesting discourse requested that the good brothers read the 17th chapter of St. Mark. Next evening Parson Johnson asked all who had read the chapter to stand up. Over one hundred dusky seekers after grace got on their dogs. "Well, you niggahs, youse de very pussons I want to talk to" he said. "Dere ain't no sebenteenth chaptah ob Sain' Mark."

* * *

Geo. Bruley, formerly the French interpreter at the Pennsylvania Hotel, is not where a lot of people think he is. He is seen about nightly going strong with all the Broadway celebrities.

* * *

Some Show

It may be of interest to some burlesquers to know that Evelyn Stevens, the charming Prima Donna of Barney Gerard's "Some Show" is a former Ziegfeld Girl, and a rare type of beauty.

Her captivating personality, coupled with a cultured operatic soprano voice, make this young beauty a prominent and outstanding principal in the show. Miss Stevens makes eleven changes of wardrobe and it can be safely said without fear of contradiction that she is the most dazzling and gorgeously gowned Prima Donna in burlesque.

* * *

Are You?

Are you one of the thousands bored stiff by the double-page ravings of that irritating old Christian Science blatherskite, Augusta Stetson?

* * *

The Stone-Pile for These Guys

Who always refer to the "kiddies."
Who write it "alright."
Who duck their lids in lifts.
Who deliberately ride backwards on the trains.
Who say "I'm home in twenty minutes" (Bay Ridge!!!)
Who sign "personal representative."
Who read the Satevepost.
Who write asking matrimonial advice.
Who like holidays and Sundays.
Who think Mel Klee is funny.
Who use "transpire" for occur.
Who toothpick at the table.
Who think BREVITIES has any real rival.

* * *

Our Own Mr. Malaprop

A friend of ours, who has a boy at Cornell, and whose pride in the scion of his ribs exceeds his command of English, was describing to us glowingly the other night the rapid progress of his offspring. "Why," he said, "he started the Chemistry course last week, and only three days later they put him to work in the lavatory."

* * *

That Ever-Lovin' Little Club Orchestra

Two years is a long incumbency in one place, without a break, for an orchestra pianist, but that is the fact about Jack Shilkret, with Sherbo's famous aggregation at The Little Club. And when you begin to talk about the art of "tickling the ivories" you've got to page Jack right away. The boy also writes songs 'n ever'-

GOWNS AND DRESSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

thin'—as per formal manifesto on another page. Surrounding him is a group of musicians second to none in the country, each a master of his instrument. We hasten to say we don't dance, but just to listen to the music at The Little Club is a delight.

* * *

Can You Find the Laugh? We Can't

A guy stumbled in the office the other afternoon, with a foolish giggle, and told us this gag: Two girls go in a fruit store. They ask the clerk how much are the bananas. He says, three for a quarter. One of the girls says: "It's all right, May, we can give the other one to the janitor!"

* * *

The Musicianly Mr. Johnson

It is probably hard to name an orchestra leader in New York who has worked harder, or with more skill, to perfect his organization than Arnold Johnson, now at Cafe de Paris. "Good" isn't good enough for Arnold; he wants "great." His present aggregation at the noted Broadway place exemplifies his ability not only in selection, but in the artistic fusing of his ensemble—they play as one man. Johnson's orchestra also reveals many instrumental and tonal novelties, all fitted to enhance the joy of the dancing public and tickle the ear of the non-stepper. Incidentally, Arnold writes popular song successes. Page "Sweethearts" ferninstance, his latest.

* * *

Now that smoking among the fair sex is becoming more and more the habit, everywhere you go you are sure to see "that little red box" that contains the famous perfumed SALOME cigarette. It has never had any rival, because its quality has been consistently maintained and its size, style and aroma are dear to feminine disciples of the gentle weed.

* * *

Barney Gerard's famous "Some Show," featuring Tommy "Bozo" Snyder, is absolutely and unquestionably the best burlesque show on any wheel. And a visit to the Olympic Theatre during the week of March 14 will serve to convince you of this fact.

* * *

Many are speaking these days of the prominence attained in the beautifying line by "Lawson's Beauty Shop," just off Broadway at 203 West 49. Here you will find the top ones of the profession go to have their "beauty" needs attended to, and all speak glowingly of the skilled service given. The convenience of the location appeals greatly to women with little spare time on their hands.

* * *

Chasing the Hoofers

We defined dancing some months ago as "the ecstasy of simps." Consequently we read with a grim satisfaction the other day of raids on a number of "dancing academies," including the blatant Wilson's at 46th and Broadway. But why stop at the "academies"? How about the irregular regular dance halls, where just as many young girls are led to ruin as in the other joints? Our remarks, of course, exclude the standard, respectable places where tuition is honestly advertised and decently given.

* * *

Defining Prohibition

If Godsmith were around now, we think he would have written the line thus: "The short but simple annals of the pour."

* * *

DOES

anyone in "The Barber of Seville" ever have the barber's itch?
A bully in need of a light ever meet his match?
A guy paying a wren's rent ever go flat broke?

* * *

Has Dorothy Jardon Been Jarred On?

It looks as if we'd soon have to undergo the harrowing experience of witnessing Dorothy Jardon skidding the lower inclines of the old toboggan. This little goil has had just one durn bump after another. First there was the Chicago Opera Company in which she expected to sing, at least occasionally, but horrors! they shunted her off (and poor Ciccolini likewise) with one measly "consecutive" appearance on a Saturday night at the Lexington, and on that direful occasion it is said her vocalizing was distinguished more by fury than felicity. It was then "exit" on the old Op'r'y Co. and Dorothy had to rest a whole long year—or more—in the Hargrave hostelry bombarded by the thunders of the passing L trains. Another flop she made was in "Broadway Brevities" last Fall, wherein she occupied the stellar role for a few performances, we saw the show when it was

Finest Materials, Workmanship Unexcelled. ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

in Philly en route to New York, and the frost following her appearances was so acute that the producers were thinking of making up their snow scene from it. A few weeks ago she spread her bedraggled wings again, this time on the "Big Time," but alas! on the initial performance she broke down abjectly and the curtain had to be lowered on the pathetic exhibition.

* * *

Slang in Dear Old Lunnon

Broadway has its own slang dictionary, a lot of it inexplicable to British cousins. But over there they have a bunch of it that would be totally incomprehensible to Seventh Avenue and Forty-seventh.

You're "swanky" when you're got up grand. Silk hats are "toppers." A meeting of any society or club is a "squash." An undergraduate at Oxford never "lodges" anywhere—he "keeps." Medical dissecting rooms are "meaters." Cocoa, when indulged in at night, is "Jug." Here we say, "Some doll!", but Piccadilly indicates a beautiful wren as "pretty tall"—and you'll hear this in Toronto also. Agreeable plays, objects and women are "a little bit of all right." Billboards are "hoardings." But the English, often supposed to be slow, are usually much briefer than we on naming things. Their "lift" and "guard" are fast displacing the clumsy "elevator" and "conductor" of America.

* * *

While there's Gelatine there's Hope

Jiggs:—"Say, old bean, I've got a little gal I want you to do something for. Trouble is she hasn't any education, has a cast in one eye, wears false hair, lisps and thinks Henry Ford invented electric lights."

Screen Magnate:—"Why, old man, if she's all you say it's easy. I'll make a picture star out of her."

* * *

Could Have Asked for Taxi Fare!!

There's a young Thespian on the Great Rye Way who has evidently been loading up on the "latent force" bunk of the Nautilus advertisers. He borrowed the best evening clothes of a friend of his the other night, and returned in a few minutes to ask for the loan of his umbrella. "I might want to use it myself" said the poor friend. "All right," replied the guy. "They're **your** clothes, remember, and if you want to see them get all wet, don't blame **me.**"

* * *

A "400" Ringside

If a cat may look at a king, there's certainly no earthly reason why a chorus girl may not smile at Reggie Vanderbilt. Reggie, looking exceptionally happy, well and well-fed occupied a big ringside table the other midnight, with a jolly party of seven, all of whom acted like regular human beings, exchanging badinage with the chorines, submitting to the "ticklers" and having a royal good time. There was no absence of wit, either, as when the striking blonde with Reggie said: "If I ever have a burglar come to my home, I want him to be a gentleman."

* * *

A Story in Shadowland

has a disconcerting title: "In League with the Fairies" by Corliss Palmer. Wonder what she's lettin' out?

* * *

Doesn't it Make You Weary

these gazaboos, male and female, sailing under assumed names? Ferinstance our old, goateed friend, Louis Graveure, who happens to be the hubby of Eleanor Painter. Real Monicker, John F. Douthitt. An Englishman, who aliases himself as a Belgian, just to help gather in the coin from our guileless countrymen. May be a nice chap for all that, but belongs in the old squad that give us a Fierce Pain.

* * *

In the "Midnight Whirl"

on the Century Roof is a little girl who deserves a whole lot of admiration for a whole lot of things. This is Florence Moore, who in addition to being very young and beautiful, belies the aspersions often cast on the chorus, for Florence is a "home and mumma" girl and the breadwinner of the family. If you doubt it, you can find out either by having a good look at Florence or asking some one.

* * *

"Differ **with** a man's literary opinions, and often he considers, etc." blurbs ungrammatical old Don Marquis of the Evening Sun.

* * *

Who was the vivacious Spanish lad smoothing Bert Adelman's bobbed hair at Palais Royal t'other night, and why that sigh when he gazed in her big brown eyes? Oh, how Bert did

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

blush. But surely you're not falling for the chile concarne too, Bert!

* * *

What does Grace A— know about the Indian on the coins?

* * *

A Study in Fat

Midnight, in a midnight cafe. Fat lady, sitting with her husband, who has a mole, upper left maxillary. She has that unflecked facial felicity indigenous to avoirdupois. That porcine unruffledness that speaks from all fat women of good dinners, warm beds and normal ganglions. She sits sidewise in the chair to view the dance floor, her tight corsets, groaning under their content, not easily permitting revolution. At the boundary of her corsage her Zolaesque bosom struggles to escape; over the edges of her stays her back bulges in rotund ridges. Her eyes, a bit pink, survey the hoofers sleepily. She speaks little to Max. .... The apotheosis of flesh, the epitome of the calm of all fat women, unquerulous, urbane, drowsy, spermatic, indifferent to the approaching ride to the Bronx.

* * *

When the booze is away the mice won't play. * * *

In a fashionable but dry cafe: Money, money, everywhere but not a drop to drink!

* * *

Had The Correct Dope

Joe:—"I'm going to telephone—I'll be right back."

Flo:—"No, you wont!"

* * *

She always thought Milton was a florist, but nevertheless when she missed her feather she came back talking of paradise lost.

* * *

Two Sweeties Get Sunk

This is another tale of the Great Rye Way, and of two little flappers of the footlights, but for whose tribe where would we get our thrills. One, the "Dresden China beauty" of a famous revue has lost her sweet daddy, and that nice boy, A— S— has done lost his sweetie. The two tragedies are connected, for it was the same switching operation that bereaved both.

The old love-nest in the Hotel W— is empty, for baby's gone. Baby meaning little Dorothy, recently elevated to the spotlight in a Broadway show, who got taken up by "society" and suddenly developed one of the cutest cases of Ritz seen hereabouts in many moons and suns. And as the "social" bacillus bit her harder and harder, she found it more and more difficult to accommodate herself to the smaller horizon of Artie, who had been her chocolate soldier for all of two long, blissful years. And right here is where Jules the noted man of the diamond trade enters the scenario, for he laid such unswerving and moneyed siege to her young affections (so disinterestedly (?) returned) that the frightful double tragedy foreshadowed at the start of our story resulted, the sum of it being the simultaneous sinking of the Dresden doll, his former flame, and of Artie by Dorothy. Steps are being taken to "introduce" the bereaved pair, on the principle that misery enjoys company. And the whole affair is being aptly staged to the melancholy strains of the "Broadway Blues."

* * *

Didja Ever Know

that the blondes, in addition to other superiorities, also have it on their brunette sisters in a hair-pulling match? For some hirsute sharp has just figured out the average number of hairs on the human head, and finds the blondes have 140,000 against 104,000 on the black domes. Miss Red Hair, alas! has only 90,000 strands, but it is easily seen that a red-haired girl is able to get along with less.

* * *

Sheriff Knott Handles a Knotty Question

History will write on one of her emblazoned pages the name of Sheriff Knott. An out-of-towner stopping at Hotel Penna. wrote the sheriff protesting against the spooning on the Fifth Ave, buses. Made this reply, our gallant Knott: "Dear Pro Bono Publico——Have you no sentiment or human sympathy? Hast ever watched the birds in the springtime; the fond mother with her offspring? It seems a man must be either a crabbed old bachelor or have been disappointed in love who will seek official aid to put an end to a heritage of nature as old as the world. My advice to you, if you can't stand the sight of the loving meetings on the buses, is to take the subway." Noble Knott! It was a knotty question, and he is become immortal in reply. Could you credit that such a Solomon once ran the Judson on Washington Square? ? ? ?

ANNA SPENCER, Inc., AMERICA'S FOREMOST CREATOR AND DESIGNER, 244 W. 42



LILLIAN RANDALL

We just had to print Lillian's picture again—a brand new one—to satisfy popular admiration. Of course you know Lillian is hostess at the famous CAFE DE PARIS.

Hell to Pay on Old 57th

The peace and holy calm of West 57th Street, in the vicinage of number umpty-ump on that enthralling thoroughfare were suddenly and violently broken about seven bells of a recent Sunday evening. Cops flew about as thick as flies on a plate of butter in Lebanon, Pa., in midsummer, heads darted from windows, pedestrians wildly ran and even the kids playing crap at the corner ceased to yell "Come on you seven, yo' daddy wants you!" And it was all due to a little family jar, the principals being the telegraph-pole understudy, Beatrice C—— and her storm and strife, who had evidently differed on a subject of domestic economy or sociological import. You all remember the elongated Beatrice when she coruscated for a period, oh, so brief, in the tableaux of a famous midnight show last year. Although few were wised on it, the little gal had a hubby all the time, who holds down one corner of the sporting department of a New York daily. Rumor since that time has had it that all was not joyful and serene in their menage, and it asserted itself effectually in icy fact on the direful Sunday evening depicted in the opening words of our story. For the assembled crap-shooters, minions of the peace, taxi-drivers and pedestrians *generale* saw the sky-scraping Beatrice rushing around on the sidewalk with a black eye, while her early and late was trying to explain that all was o. k., and would everyone please return to their respective if not respectable homes. The last our observer noted was Beatrice, a cop and her early and late strolling down the street together as if on a little twilight promenade....And that's not really the half of it, dearie.

* * *

Nelson Playwriting Co. Puts Over a Big One

This well-known playwriting firm we understand, has now on the big time a new act written by them, entitled "Barnum Was Right" which is proving a great attraction. Many of the important acts in the country are using their exclusive material with successful results.

* * *

An Alarming Day for Benny

There was once a headline act in vode in which an alarm clock in a burglar's pocket went off—to his undoing. Whether Bennie Lezine ever saw this act is problematical, but he wouldn't enjoy it now anyway, for he got from six months to three years in the "pen" the other day for a similar impersonation. Bennie stole the sleep interrupter in a Broadway dept. store and on his way out the durn clock alarmed. He's not only alarmed now, but won't need to bother about the time for some time.

* * *

Those Monickers

"Tempest & Sunshine" get my goat,
And "Arline Pretty" makes me holler,
And you won't kick if "June Caprice"
Gets me inflamed behind the collar.
"Marjorie Dawn" a saint would peeve,
And "Irene Rich" my mirth does cloy,
But to put murder in my bosom
Just gurgle, brother, **"Leatrice Joy!"**

* * *

If It's Cheap, Will Pay What You Want

REFINED young Japanese couple want comfortable suite of rooms, with private bath and with meals; location around 145th Street, near Broadway; willing to pay liberal rent, if reasonable. S. P. Co., Room 1501, 65 Broadway.

* * *

Somone blurbs of "Kathryn Perry, the beautiful Midnight Frolic girl who deserted the roof for pictures." Oh, she did, did she? Why not read up on your old Forty-second Street inside stuff, Rip?

* * *

Mme. Maeterlinck in Bad Case

It is just now coming out about the pathetic condition of Georgette La-Blanc; former wife of Maurice Materlinck, who abandoned her for a woman young enough to be his daughter. Mme. Maeterlinck is said to be reduced to penury, and also in a deplorable condition of shock. Despite her ill fortune, however, let it be said to her credit that she is reported to have refused a fine offer from a New York publisher for the story of her "bust" with Morrie, she being unwilling to wound him by it. As for Morrie, you will remember the egregious circumstances of his visit last year, when he came to lecture but

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could not speak a word of English at which time we remarked that failure to speak English in any part of the globe should be made a penal offense.

* * *

"Spoiling a Puffectly Good Evening" was how we felt the other night at "The Mirage" when a querulous old lady back of us broke out every other minute with comments on "Mr. DINhart."

* * *

The Osculator's Progress

Monday

Told her if she'd let him kiss her hand he'd tea her at the Ritz

Tuesday

Told her if she'd let him kiss her lips he'd dinner her at Palais Royal

Wednesday

Told her if she'd let him kiss her neck he'd buy her a new hat

Thursday

Told her if she'd let him kiss her knee he'd buy her a new coat

Friday

****

Saturday

The rent came due, but she should worry.

* * *

You'd Believe Almost Anything About an Undertaker

wouldn't you? You'd express no surprise if you heard he took milk from a blind kitten or a dead fly from an aged spider? Very well; we heard a little story at first hand the other night about one of the tribe that doesn't pheaze us a bit. It hums along like this. Our friend, just returned from service with the British Flying Corps in France, was down at Coney Island one evening, showing the sights to some other ex-service chums of his. After midnight they were hospitably offered, by a gentleman driving a large touring car, a lift back to the city, and being footsore they gladly accepted the bid of their unknown host. On the way up mine host asked them if they'd like "a good bracer." The response was unanimous, and arrived in New York in the Lincoln Square vicinity, the car came to a full stop before an undertaking shop. In they went with their host, who then turned out to be the proprietor of the morgue, and were soon squared off among the stiffs before a jolly good bottle of Scotch. While they were drinking to the Allied arms and the health of their new-found benefactor, he undertook to show them about the shop, pulling the covers off the bodies, explaining the embalming art, etc. When he flipped the sheet off one cadaver he would give it a slap, remarking: "This old dame drank herself to death, boys" and off another: "This gink tried to stop a mail wagon the other day." Or, "How'd you like to croak with a shape like that?" With such light-hearted witticisms the time was passed away, only the benumbing effects of the Haig & Haig keeping the chills from cavorting down the spines of the gallant fighters, who afterwards said that it was a more revolting experience than ever had befallen them in the trenches of Flanders.

* * *

Joy Has Come Unto My Door.

(*From N. Y. Sun*)

Joy has come unto my door
  Tremulous and fair—
  With Shining hair—
The old, old joy I knew of yore,
Laughing and flame-arrayed,
  And I am half afraid.
Joy has come unto my door again
  After long pain—
The old, old joy I knew of yore,
Whom I had mourned as dead,
  And now she comes with arms
    outspread!
Joy has come unto my door,
  I heard her call,
  Her soft foot fall
As it was of yore,
And, oh, her wonderous Beauty
  made my heart afraid!

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff

Got a new sweetie, Blanche?

* * *

Now It's "Jo" Harmon

When she was an alleged "singer" in the old Pekin cabaret a few years ago, it was Josephine. Later, it was "Joe." Now, with an acute case of Ritz, God knows why, on the big-little time, it's "Jo." Isn't it comical how these unimportant flappers, once they get along a few laps, always start to pull the Plaza stuff, often not recalling, donchernow, the names of the boys who used to throw pennies on the floor when they flopped around in the $25-per cabarets. We saw Jo's "act" the other evening. We must say that we never saw two better turns than the one preceding and following.

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OUR COVER CELEBRITIES

To be the featured numbers of the great Winter Garden revue, "The Passing Show of 1921" seems to be a fitting recognition of the abilities of the Howard Brothers, Willie and Eugene. Personally the most popular boys in the profession, their genius for entertaining covers a range absolutely astonishing. They have the art of comic monologue and dialogue as well as vocal gifts extending to operatic regions, Eugene a tenor who can sing "Ridi Pagliacci" in a style worthy of the best models and Willie owning a remarkable baritone voice. At the Winter Garden their work evokes endless merriment, and is the mainstay of the performance. We would like to ask both boys some fine afternoon why they didn't take up the operatic stage. Maybe their reply would be that our sad world needs a hearty laugh more than *bel canto*.

Foolish Lines Contest

(This Month's Winners)

"Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play"
"'Her Family Tree' moves to another Theatre"
"Brooklyn's the place to have your home"
"Mary Garden has a wonderful voice"
"The air is so much better for living, uptown"
"Mr. Lamar, loan me a coupla beans"
"My dear, you look twenty years younger"

* * *

All About Verna Mitchell

Everyone is pleased to see the pretty face of Verna Mitchell around town these days. Verna exemplifies what we will call "the eternal sixteen" in her personality, looking just the same (well there might be a **few** pounds extra!) as she did when she was a Midnight Frolic favorite not so many years ago. If we didn't disincline to let you in on the secret, we'd tell you what relation she is to a girl star now the talk of Broadway—but we just won't, for we don't want to flatter Verna too much.

* * *

The hosts of professionals and others whose slogan is "ADELE HATS" will be interested to learn that Adele has been compelled, by the great increase in her trade, to take additional quarters. This consists of an entire floor over her shop at 160 West 45th, where an extra staff of girls will turn out the famous Adele creations. We understand that her new spring "black and white" modes, Adele's original conception, are creating a furore in the profession. This famous little milliner says she is "now out to excel all past records in my business."

BRYANT 2881

PEARL GOWNS

53 W. 47TH ST. — NEW YORK —

Dear Madam: A cordial invitation is extended to you to call and inspect my latest creations of Gowns, Wraps, Suits and Coats, also a very fine selection of Furs and Novelties.

Your orders will be executed under my personal and most careful attention.

Very truly yours,

MLLE. PEARL

MISS TRUDE DISPLAYS MLLE. PEARL'S CREATIONS NIGHTLY at the CAFE BEAUX ARTS

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MAE TRUDE

New York's Favorite Hostess.

Gum-shoeing along the Old Street

Who is the Louisville heiress that Harry Keller is dining so regularly twice a week in the Crystal Room of the Ritz?

?

Do you think that the chap in the millinery business is eating onions just so he will be in good form when she comes back from Bermuda?

?

What is going on in Long Island that Bert K. is seen motoring to and from there so frequently of late?

?

Just what do these picturesque old men about town do with the sweet little girls of the stage they drool over? These ancient roues are all well known and are the subject of much controversy, for one is never too old nowadays to be dangerous. Just what the attraction is that lies in cute kids who have to make a living on the stage should be explained in court some time by one of these cold-lipped libertines who have outlived their generation. Watch for these incongruous combinations of flaxen flappers and senile sports——and razz them!

?

Where does Eugene Sullivan dig up the new beauties he is springing along Broadway these nights? But why the Astor supper club?

?

Now, it's "Let Oscar do it!"

?

So Ruth White and Janet McGrew are to give up that cute apartment in old 57 West, and no less a cutie than Louise Stafford is to move in. Give a house-warming, Louise, and invite dear old Mr. Fleischman whose proposal of honorable marriage you are said to have scorned. "Back to Cincy!" you cried. Perhaps you spoke in error for wonderful tunes are often played on ancient Stradivarii.

?

Is it true that Maybelle A—— is about to be named co-re in the impending divorce suit of a prominent author?

?

Why don't the cops raid a few more dance-halls along Bway, while they're at it? We could all put them wise where.

?

What showgirl beauty is "in trouble," and shouldn't similar events have warned her?

?

J. Herb. Frank, great lover and clever film artist, has bounced back from Palm Beach. Saith Frank that some of the younger set of the Broadway theatre managers had young women with them who were enough to make a hermit step out of character and become cannibalistic.

?

Who stole Reed Vail's Scotch?

?

What's the attraction that got Jimmie Best into Greenwich Village?

?

Why didn't Alex. Harris remain in England?

?

What prominent business man and bon vivant is the pop of a bouncing baby by a mere child of the chorus, and isn't the very young mother having a tough time collecting her allowance? Why didn't the father restrict his enlarging-the-population enterprises to one of his two or three wives who gave him orders of air?

?

Who is the girl who had an order in with the old phone co. for a phone a year and seven days, and then got a letter beginning: "Your recent request for installing a phone, etc."?

SEEING IS BELIEVING—WHY NOT NOW? ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

NOTICE and INVITATION
TO THE
PROFESSIONALS *of* NEW YORK

Grand Opening

of the

"Gown Studio"

of

WORTZMAN & MALLARD INC.

25 WEST 57

on

Friday, March 25th

In the charming environment of this new Salon of Fashion, with its novel decorations, our smart Spring Gowns and Wraps will be shown on live models to the accompaniment of music's sweet charm.

You will be welcomed, surprised, delighted.

"A New Thrill in Gown Display"

TELEPHONE: PLAZA 5707

STRAND

STRAND THEATRE BUILDING CHAS. KLINE, Prop.

BILLIARD PARLOR

The most elaborate place of
its kind in New York City

OYSTER BAR -:- REFRESHMENTS SERVED

Did you know that Gladys Bowie, the blonde Brooklyn girl in the "Big Six" in "Sally" is now regarded as the premier beauty of all the Ziegfeld organizations?

?

Can you guess the real "insides" of the McCurdy-Snowden double tragedy in Central Park, probably illustrating again how little newspaper readers learn of the real causes hid away in the background of public scandals?

?

Didst note the handsome new Arnold Rothstein building at 19 West 57, in which is the charming restaurant with the polite lady cashier. We ate in the "Restaurant-Andre" the other day and liked it muchly.

?

Once more with wild yells we ask, where are: Irene Weston, Lina Toselli, Nora White, Elenor Tierney, Beatrice Carlyle, Texas Guinan—but what's the use? (No, they don't ALL owe us money.)

?

Didn't. Walter Kingsley give a very smart party at the Claridge in honor of Geneva Mitchell's birthday, and didn't Geneva enjoy blowing out the sixteen candles? And what's an extra candle or two among friends?

?

Dear Professionals: Have you kept March 25 as an open date to visit Wortzman & Mallard's opening of their new "Gown Studio," 25 West 57? We hear it is to be SOME opening.

BROADWAY'S PONCE DE LEONS—SEEKING THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Berton Castles
Harvey Sickler
M. L. Sire
"Harper's" Brainerd
Dr. Bischoff
Jeff Seligman
Oscar Shaw
Alfred China Johnston
Doris Eaton's Pittsburg sweetie
Ruth White's gen'man fren

?

Why did Lou Davis make that girl cry at the table the other night?

?

What could be more scrumptious than Mae Devereaux's friend meeting her every night at the W. G. stage door, and also what could be more lollipop than her new dimings and her lil Cunningham, turned out as a special class job? Mae's the most pop. girl in the show, and has oodles of theatrical offers. She likes her present management however and says she has been treated well in being made a principal giving her scenes with those great comedians, Eugene and Willie Howard.

Finest Materials, Workmanship Unexcelled. ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

What was that thrilling escapade of Kitty B—— connected up with a wild midnight ride, a motor car, the Long Island wilderness and the lost jools?

?

Didn't Josephine Holland Margie Clayton and Eleanor La Sar all with the "Whirl of the Town," have a great party on the ride to Washington? Margie brought her own cellar and had plenty help in drinking it.

?

Who was the pencil model and the chap with the lip on his forehead that were with smiling Ben F—— the other night at the L. C. and did they think they were on a sleeper for Boston?

?

Have you seen Geneva Mitchell's new outfit from Hickson's and isn't it nice that with all her other duties she has been made understudy to Mary Hay in "Sally"? Who was it said: "Geneva, you have a great future—but beware of actors!" When she replied: "Oh, pshaw!" Meanwhile they are growing up prettier and cleverer every day, and some of them know the meaning of the motto: "Be wise, be wiser yet, be not TOO wise."

?

Isn't it pleasing to his numberless friends to see Joe Robert on the door of the Paradise Room at Reisenweber's? Some "manager", Joe, who by his sterling qualities has earned an unusual popularity.

?

Why do they call "Cutie" Woods "the Veronal Kid"? Ask Billy—he knows.

?

Wasn't that funny about the laundry bill for $125.00 that nearly busted up the friendship of Mary Garden and Mamma Hammerstein? The durned affair sounds almost off-color!

?

Do you know the "party kid" that mixes pure grain alcohol with his hootch in order to give the dames an earlier kick?

The famous

Sherbo's Little Club Orchestra

Violinist—**JOE RAYMOND, formerly of Rector's and Club de Vingt**

Banjo—**FRANK GARISTO, known as Jazz**

Saxophone—**FRANK ANDRISANI, small, but oh, my!**

Bass—**E. SWARTZ, some bass player**

Drums—**PHIL RALE, the kid drummer**

Pianist—**JACK SHILKRET, two years at the Little Club. Writer of "Cuban Eyes," "Somebody Like You," "April Showers Bring May Flowers" and**

The Sensation of New York

"MAKE BELIEVE"

SEEING IS BELIEVING—WHY NOT NOW? ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

How'd you like to be an Indian Guide?

Why did Diane Dore take air from "Ladies Night" after a very short engagement? Was it suggested that the ozone in 42d street was better for her lungs than the close, warm air of the Eltinge Theatre stage?

?

Aren't we jolly to see Gertie Spindler, the American soprano, back on Broadway after several years' absence, part of which she spent in her home town of Cincy? There her brother has an orchestra that is said to be a close second to Paul Whiteman's as a dancing attraction It will be heard in New York after May 1st, when the aggregation will make records for the Victor Company.

?

Why is Myrtle Bauer giving everyone the Plaza?

?

Isn't "Getting Gertie's Garter" quite the naughtiest farce ever produced in this country and didn't hundreds of Broadwayites scamper over to Brooklyn to see it. It used to be called, "Up in the Haymow." The haymow scene is on a rainy night, too. The piece would be worth while if for no other purpose than to reveal Dorothy Mackaye who gives the best comedy performance of recent years—so good, in fact, that Al Woods gave her a five years' contract after the opening night. Elinor Dawn is maddeningly attractive, but the smashing hit is Dorothy Mackaye—a genius comedienne if ever one.

?

Isn't it true we all can rejoice that Jean Russell passed successfully through a very bad operation?

?

Rumors float on the surface of the Great Rye Way that Phoebe Lee, of the bobbed Titian locks, has jumped into the holy fetters of matrimony with the junior Kaufmann, of Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. Isn't this the same chap who laid such ardent siege to the blonde Justine Johnston in those first dear "Little Club" days? Kauffie has been quite a whirler on the Main Stem for some seasons.

?

Having launched Geneva Mitchell on the road to fame and fortune with Ziegfeld and made the lovely and talented Coletta Ryan prima donna of the "Frolics," Walter Kingsley leans back satisfiedly, willing to help a new "find."

?

Why should Eddie Byrne prove so offensive when traveling at high speed? The other evening he took occasion to refer to a well-known actor in a very depreciatory manner, and were it not for the fact the Thespian is a thorough gentleman, Eddie might have been the recipient of the trouncing he deserved for talking out of his turn.

?

It is reported that Maurabia (or is it Moravia?) started quite a cute little battle that she wasn't able to finish the other night in the dressing room at a place called Maxim's. Although at first the mix-up was in but the vocal stage, as such things will, developments soon brought it to the juncture where the chorine tried to annihilate Mlle. Veronica, who as we all know, is the most petite bundle of harmlessness in the world. The climax came, as per usual, when Vonie's lil pal, Helen, stepped in with a wicked right, thereby settling with Maurabia in full and ending the battle then and there.

?

Now, all together, what was it happened to Mable Wildey's foot? Did she hurt it getting out of a Rolls-Royce or nick it reaching for Loganberry juice?

?

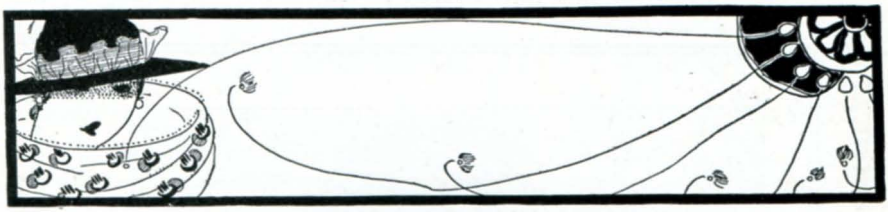
Eva Brady has done left the "Follies" and is now in "Sally." Eva is much in favor with tall actors and such stalwart vamps as Sam Hardy nd Bob Warwick have been her admirers. If she only met Lou Tellegen and James K. Hackett, her happiness would be complete. A very popular and pretty girl, Eva has quite outgrown her Windy City home.

SEEING IS BELIEVING—WHY NOT NOW? ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42



PRINCESS WHITE DEER

Foremost Indian artiste on the world's stage; past mistress of native, society and stage dancing; featured with Fred Stone in "Tip Top" and stolen away by F. Ziegfeld, Jr., for the "Midnight Frolic" where she is now the reigning dance favorite. White Deer is famous for her exquisite figure and for the pep, fire and grace of her performance. She is a brilliantly educated girl and comes from a long line of chiefs. Her home is on the St. Regis Reservation in Canada. Her family was old when Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence. She is to be headlined next season in Keith vaudeville in a magnificent act depicting the influence of the American Indian upon the stage. The U. S. Department of the Interior is cooperating in the production as a testimonial to the Indian and his art.



FAMOUS ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENTS

"Go on, let me bang it. It isn't loaded."
"Watch me run under that old safe. It'll never fall on me."
"Certainly this rope will hold my weight."
"Say, Tom, which one of these is the third rail, anyhow."
"That giant cracker's gone out. Let me light it again."
"Watch me cross that bunch of cars before the cop whistles."
"This mule is gentle as a baby—see me tickle his hind foot."
"I'm going right up to Dempsey and tell him what I think of him."
"That's the train whistle. I'll give her full speed and get across before she comes."
"It's no good swimmin' in here—me for past the life-lines."
"I'm goin' down to tell the cook she's fired."
"Just for fun watch me touch that buzz-saw—it's perfectly safe."
"I'll bet I can shave around my throat with my eyes shut."

LISTENING IN ON BROADWAY

"Doggone it! every married woman I know has a husband."
"I'm ready to stay out all night, on your dough."
"She can have her Johns and her money—but give me my health!"
"That guy is one of the 400 marked down to 298."
"Sure, I'm all ready to make a play for her—I mean, write a play for her."
"I know you're a pure girl—that's why I like you."
"He's so mean he'd take a stick of radium from a cancer patient."
"Here's one little gal that don't stand for any of that taxi explorin'."

CAFE CELEBRITIES GRANT MOMENTOUS INTERVIEWS

Anxious to know what some of the popular restaurant managers of Broadway thought of the Harding administration our reporter zigzagged from and to the office with the following thrilling comments:

GEORGE LAMAZE (Mgr. Cafe de Paris)—Glad to give you my forecast on Gamaliel Harding's cabinet. Did you know, by the way, that we pack nearly eight hundred diners in here every Saturday night—and they all want to dance with Lillian Randall, the hostess."

JOHNNY STEINBERG (Folies Bergere)—"Surest thing you know. Harding's a grand man, and I hope he keeps everything under control, but incidentally did you ever watch us turn five or six hundred people away here on Saturday and Sunday nights?"

CHRISTO (Folies Bergere)—"Yes, he's a good man, but please excuse me a minute while I seat this party of twenty, and I think I hear Grace Manning calling for an order of grapes."

SIGNOR VALOFT (Mgr. The Little Club)—"I think the new President's fine as silk, and you can quote me as saying, without fear of contradiction, that if we had a place three times the size we could still turn 'em away."

WM. SHEPPERT (Moulin Rouge)—"Yes, the new Cabinet are all good men, and I only wish they could come over some night and eat one of our wonderful dinners."

GIL BOAG (Mgr. Palais Royal)—"Right enough, I was over to see the Inauguration, and am going to invite 'em all to the Palais Royal some night so they'll see the most stunning place in America."

ANNA SPENCER, Inc., AMERICA'S FOREMOST CREATOR AND DESIGNER, 244 W. 42

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast"

That's why they have *brass bands* on dogs' collars!

Arnold Johnson's Orchestra

is breaking all previous attendance records, at

THE CAFE DE PARIS

GEO. LAMAZE, Mgr.
(What a regular fellow he is!)

What's the Answer?

Arnold Johnson is deeply grateful to the following members of his Orchestra who, by their conscientious efforts and meritorious ability have enabled him to render good, snappy dance music in a highly *artistic* and totally *different* manner:

CONNIE TRAGER, Bass
IRVING LIPPNER, Banjo
AL. BURT, Violin
FRANK PARKS, Drums
JOE WIRSHUP, Saxophone
LESLIE CANFIELD, "
A. M. SMALL, Cornet
AL. CASSEDAY, Trombone

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

IN A CABARET

After one. The strident dissonances of the jazz band. The large dance floor surging with the cat-step and the alligator twist. Waiters with shirt-fronts speckled with tomato soup rushing hither and yon. A "buyer" bustles in, trailing three flappers in squirrel dolmans. Head-waiter strains two ligaments to get them for a ringside. Cleveland drummer nearby, out with a model, asks: "Is that Reggie Vanderbilt?" Scene is dripping with jazz and laughter and lights and abandon. A little red-haired girl, in a noisy "wine" party near the orchestra, leans over and whispers to her blonde chum: "Gee! Stell, whaddya think? Doc's goin' to ship me off to Saranac tomorrow—says I've got the old 'con' bad!"

Very In-trik-ate!

A noted social club near Broadway recently convened to consider the admission of women to the rooms. After heated debate, befitting the question, it was moved that N. T. G. and W. J. K. be appointed a committee on "lay" members.

* * *

"Lay Off, McBride!"

They do asseverate that Kelcey Allen is the author of the brilliant bon-mot at a recent Shakesperian "opening," when as the words "Lay on, MacDuff" were uttered he strode from the place crying, "Lay off, McBride!"

* * *

A Battle Simile From Eros

The gigantic craft bore down, denuded for the encounter, guns trained, crew stripped to the waist, flags flying, decks awash, torpedo tubes shooting, fire and flame darting from every implacement, binoculars trained, bo'suns at their posts, commander lashed to the bridge, dense folds of smoke belching from the funnels, guard nets out, life-boats unleashed, furnaces roaring, engines groaning, the proud propeller, defying the huge bulk in which it is inserted, frothing and spuming with undaunted fortitude.

* * *

SAM WARD (writer of the famous Navy Coal Pile song and "When I see All the Loving they Waste on Babies I wish I was in the Cradle Again") is now the staff writer with Irving Berlin—and doing great, thank you! Among Sam's hits are "Someone Else," the new dance craze, "Not Long Ago," "My Wild Gondola from Pensacola," with others in the making. Go up and see Sammie hustle round, yet always has time to say hello to his friends.

* * *

ROSE SHULSINGER, for the past three years publicity director for Marion Davies, is leaving for England about April first.

Famous Perfumes Reduced!!

First in the field to reduce the popular HOUBIGANT'S Perfumes as follows:

Quelques Fleurs (regular $10.00) - NOW $8.50
Quelques Fleurs (regular 5.25) - NOW 4.50
Houbigant's "IDEAL" (regular $8.25) NOW 7.25
Houbigant's "IDEAL" (regular 4.25) NOW 3.75

IMPORTANT NOTICE—We have obtained a limited supply of Mad Nail Polish. Get it while it lasts—35c.

WINTER GARDEN DRUG STORE
50th Street & Broadway

GO TO ANNA SPENCER, Inc., FOR YOUR SMART GOWNS, 244 W. 42



THELMA CARLTON

One of the brilliant principals in Nora Bayes' "Her Family Tree" now at the Shubert Theatre. You've got to go some to find Thelma's superior as a dance artiste.

A Prayer

for those who live above 59th Street

May heaven have pity
On the doomed of Manhattan
Who must leave their city beloved
Each night
And journey to an alien clime
To "homes"
On 70th and 90th and 110th
And 125th and 137th and 156th
Tottering limply into apartments
And those infernos of the Great Town
The brownstone rooming-houses
Where there is neither hot water by night
Nor chambermaid by day
Where the bed-bug dieth not
And the smells are not quenched
Where you're called down three flights
By three whistles
To the phone
By the dirty landlady
On you all,
Travel-worn, nerve-frayed heroes of Harlem
And the red cars that never run
And the anfractuous tube
On you all, ye delicatessen addicts,
May God have mercy!

Broadway Ditty

He who "lays" and runs away
Will live to "lay" another day

* * *

Those Sweet Week-End "Invitations"

Did'st ever get one of them?.... "Oh, you and the missus must come out and spend Sunday with us at Craphurst—we'd just love to have you!" You're tickled pink at the idea of a quiet Sunday in the Westchester hills. Adds our host: "Now, bring all your money with you!" You smile at this somewhat enigmatic witticism. Funny thing, but during the conversation, when he and wifey happen to speak of cards, you drop the remark that you know nothing about the durn things.....You are to be at the 2:15 sharp the next afternoon when he will pick you up. Oh, those glorious Westchester hills!....Saturday a. m. a message greets you at your office: "Mr. and Mrs. Crap are SO sorry, but their maid ran off and they can't keep the week-end appointment."....Suddenly a great LIGHT dawns. It was a "bunk" invite, simply with the idea of removing your roll, and possibly the fillings from your teeth, on a poker game. Old stuff, but they say it oftimes pays expenses.....

* * *

What is the nature of Jack Pickford's continued illness?

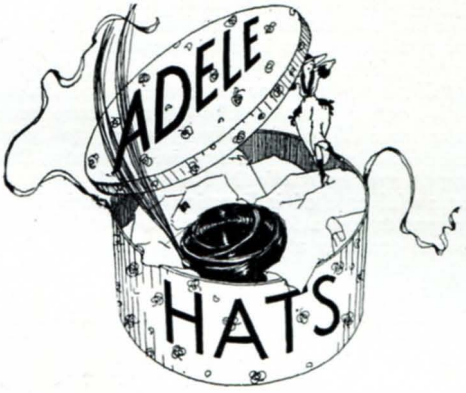
* * *

SMASH!—Wilson's hoofing academy at 46th and Broadway pinched again, and about fifty young girls carted off to the police court! Aren't there several other hoofing joints, one place in particular, that the authorities might give a little attention to—from reports we have heard this "one place in particular" is the most disorderly and indecent of all. Why not close ALL the hoofers' halls, as they can never, from their very nature, be anything but a cancer on the morals of the city?

ANNA SPENCER, Inc., AMERICA'S FOREMOST CREATOR AND DESIGNER, 244 W. 42

Originator of Styles

for the Profession



Imitators waste their time!

Whenever you see a
"Smart Hat"
You'll see an ADELE creation

160 West 45th Street

(WEST OF BROADWAY)

Taking a whole new floor on account of increased trade

BEAUTIFUL NEW CATALOGUE READY—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

THE FUMES OF FUMIGATION

It's getting bluer than hell. Here's Jesse L. Lasky, like another Peace Leaguer, with his "Fourteen Points" on the pictures hereafter to be thrust on a tortured world by his company. According to Jesse they're going to be as flat as a goose-pasture. They'll be dry-cleaned, scoured, scraped, rasped and polished until two-year old infants on seeing them will holler for a little pep. A few "points" from his immortal 14 follow:

No sex attraction (Here lies Mack Sennett's body)
No white slavery
No nakedness (Louise Glaum please write!)
No inciting dances
No passionate love scenes (Good-bye Bob Warwick!)
No underworld stuff
No drunkenness or gambling
No religion
No malodorous titles (Exit the $50.00 a week kids)

What he's going to HAVE in the pictures he omits to state. But we suppose his Protective Association can still fall back on scenes from the South Norwalk Knitting Society's coffee clatches, or the Annual Gatherings of the Louisville Grand Army Vets. If any of you have tears to shed, prepare, for you'll be able to revel in lachrymosity when you sit back at your favorite temple of flickers and watch some picture entitled, "Come to Jesus, or Rags are Royal Raiment" or "White as Snow, the Triumph of Pure Womanhood." Or a feature reel, "Up to God, or Grape Juice will Make thee Whole." What's going to become of the Mack Sennett girls and Annette Kellerman? Where will Dorothy Dalton get off if the vestal virgins are going to run the studios? It's painful.

Somebody with an awful case of indigestion or anemia is at the back of this. And the Fool Killer ought to put a lot of deputies in training for he'll have more on his hands than he can properly attend to.

FROM GRAND OPERA TO UNCLE SAM

Cashier at Woolworth's won't take a shiny nickel.

What looks like a million stenographers argue in Irving Berlin's as to who gets off early Saturday.

Hugo Riesenfeld doesn't talk about himself for two hours.

Roscoe Ails denies marriage to Eva the Tanguay. (Is this Tanguay rot ever going to stop?)

Gatti Cazazza and Mme. Alda forget to speak at entrance of Metro. Box Office.

Old lady behind us at "The Mirage" talks continually of "Mr. DINHART."

Zelda Sears mispronounces "leisure" at Theatre Assembly entertainment at Astor.

All N. Y. newspapers still frolicking with "joined together," "transpired," "most unique" and the split infinitive.

Scotti sits at Midnight show ringside with strange lady. Was it Rosina Galli?

Grace LaRue buys out five shops to get candles for birthday cake.

Everybody dripping with Huneker eulogy on a writer whose main characteristic was pedantry; whose audience was limited.

Kathryn Perry may mooch up the aisle with veteran Owen Moore—Three cheers for the Wets!

Ethel Robinson, who had the fattest calves in 1908 vaudeville, and who used to call herself modestly "The Pocket Edition of May Irwin" now the main squeeze among Chicago bookers.

Everyone yelling "Where's Betty Mack?"

Broadway is a parcel of land bounded on one side by the Eighteenth Commandment and on the other by Tot Qualters' legs.

Funny, if Henry himself should turn out to be a flivver!

Don't Babe Ruth and the Mrs. give you one fierce pain?

How the dear little "stars" do camoflauge their real monickers?

You never dreamt that Sonia Serova was just plain Miss Shepstone?

GO TO ANNA SPENCER, Inc., FOR YOUR SMART GOWNS, 244 W. 42

Corsets, Hats, Underwear—and Frankie Paterno

It often looks as though the way of erring hubbies is hard. Every once in a while you hear of a disaster to leaping benedicts that can be put down to nothing less than the instigation of a vengeful Providence. Take ferinstance, the case of that good man, Captain F. S. Paterno, head of the Paterno & Son Contracting Co. of New York, who has just been sued for divorce by his hail and sleet, Helen Fay Paterno. It all came about in this wise. Helen had started for Philly—God knows why—on a certain stormy evening in December last. Near Newark the car got stalled, and the chauffeur was forced to head the old boiler back to Manhattan. As Mrs. Paterno entered the bedroom of her home, she uttered a scream as loud as ever heard in a Corse Payton thriller. For there was her hubby and an "unnamed woman." A dress, pair of corsets and a hat were draped on the chairs. And hubby Paterno was in his pajamas! "Honey" quoth he, "I can explain everything." But Mrs. P. was in no mind to have the perfidious Paterno undertake this Gargantuan labor. "There is nothing you can explain" screamed she—— "just get out and take that beast of a worm with you." "I was a damned fool to bring her in here" moaned the conscience-stricken worst half as he decapped with his paramour....Hubbies, if you ever make dates of this sort, for cry bones sake arrange for wireless advices and fast-riding scouts along the line of march of your speeding spouse!

* * *

Fay Marbe Plays the Sticks

One of our contemporaries prints a picture of Fay Marbe, with a caption "talented and beautiful" by some humorist on the staff. If the dusky-skinned Fay was all this, we hardly think she'd be at present buried in a honky-tonk cabaret in Cleveland.

However, we are enormously cheered by the additional info. that Fay, maid and the dear old mumma got their outward fares gratis. Will they walk back?

* * *

Is the Roll Mightier Than the Pen?

The papers the other day carried headlines stating the dismissal by the United States Circuit Court of the writ on which Dave Lamar (real name Herzog) had been at liberty, following his conviction and sentence for



BELLE GANNON

The charming girl whose dancing is one of the delights in "Mary" at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

GOWNS AND DRESSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

conspiring at strikes in munition plants during the war. Next day the same papers announced that the wily "Wolf of Wall Street" had evaded Atlanta by securing the right of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. This will likely come up for argument in October; maybe not until Spring. In 1914 Lamar had been convicted of impersonating a Federal officer, and sentenced to two years at Atlanta, and it was while at liberty on bond that the new crime was alleged to have been committed....Dave is therefore good for six or eight more months, anyway, on Broadway, so there's nothing to stop his favorite pastime of buying up all the bubble juice the restaurants can supply. Those who have "sat in" know how he does it—and he's some leaper. It's quite an ordinary evening with Dave when he can't glue ten or fifteen wrens to a tablecloth, call them a lot of dirty names and make 'em like it, the while rinsing out their tonsils with Pommery Sec. and Duc d'Alba and slipping the kids a case note occasionally just to keep 'em cheerful. And he doesn't give a tinker's damn whether the bad news is one, two or three thou', in which he has a heavy call over the grocery clerks and Bronx real estate salesmen who go out for a hell of a time on twenty bucks. We got anchored in a recent party of his on which the blue prints figured six hundred green kisses; the next night we heard he hit the four thousand mark, with a couple of century shinplasters to each of the hostesses. But don't think these rather tame table parties satisfy David. Oh, dearie, no! David has a penchant for after-hour affairs, when everyone else has been chased out of the restaurant. When he can have a bunch of the super-six wrens perform for him on the dance floor. That's the time, boys, to shoot your Methodist relations off home in a taxi, for it's no place for a fidgety man. Broadway has "some" character in Dave Herzog Lamar. There's just one thing that amazes us about him. And that is how the wrens, even if they can smell the old roll burning, will stand for the pet names Dave calls 'em.

* * *

No Kid

Uncounted thousands know that Fitzroy 5120 is BREVITIES, and Rhinelander 1000 is Fire Headquarters and Spring 3100 is Police Headquarters and—but how many know the phone number of an institution, with which millions do business every day and right through the old receiver at that?.....If you're curious, turn to page 517 in the Nov. issue of the Telephone Directory, and half way down the first column you'll find it.

* * *

Mme. Haverstick's Plans

This well-known designer of women's stage clothes, long identified as head of the Shubert Costume Department, has severed her connection with that organization. Madame Haverstick states that her present plans cannot be divulged. She will make another trip to Europe to perfect certain arrangements for her Paris organization. On her recent trip she was induced by cable to defer her plans and make a hurried return to this country. She was recalled because of the urgent needs expressed for her services by the Shuberts. While the question remains an open one, it is generally believed that Madam Haverstick has under contemplation the opening of her own establishment in New York where she will work for producers in general as an independent designer of stage costumes.

* * *

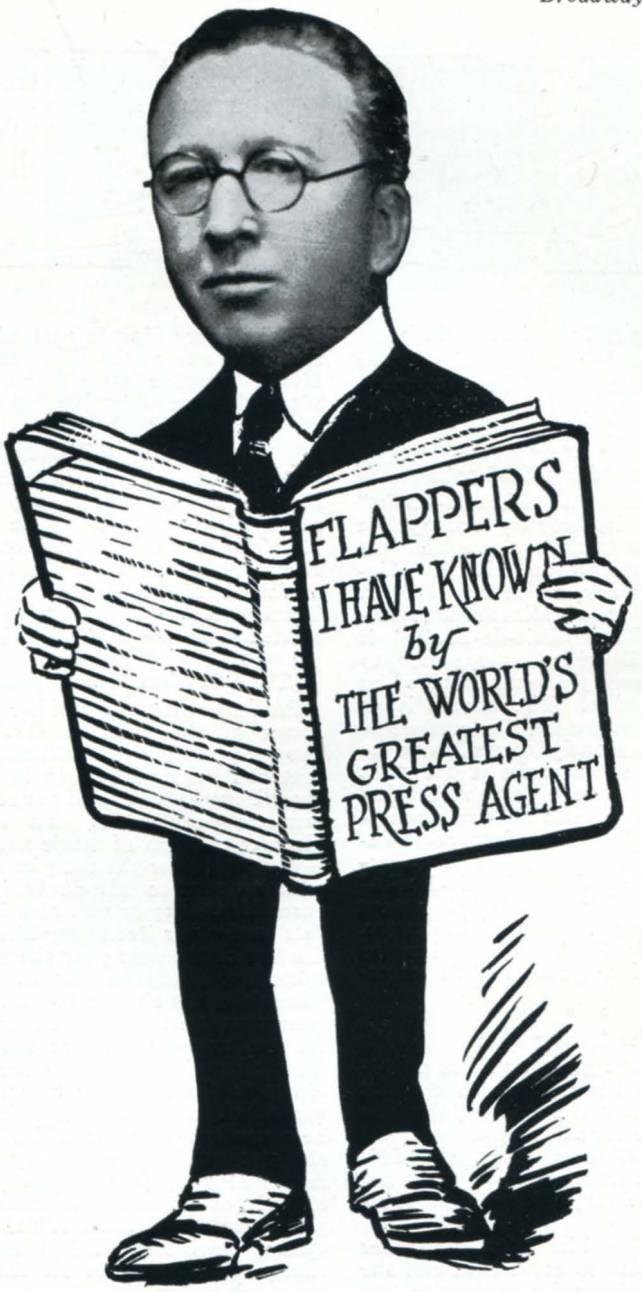
"Agonies" of a Month

Harry Weber's picture in Variety
Hey Broun joins *World* staff
Eva the Tanguay calls herself a horse
Lil Tashman finds a darkey in her room
"Zit's" appears four more times
Our manicure threatens to go in movies
Pearl White also admits she "broke into" pictures
Nita Naldi will impersonate "Passion"
Joan Sawyer won't leave for Paris until May
Frank Keeney tells a funny (?) story
Nils Granlund plans another "tour"
Whatever new film Martha Mansfield made.
Dave Lamar's "conversation."

* * *

The celebrated three-cushion championship billiard match between Cannefax and Layton was played at the Strand Billiard Parlor, of which our old friend, Chas. Kline is Propr. This place is a revelation in size, attractiveness and service, and what is more, the Strand has delightful accommodations for ladies.

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 49



WALTER J. KINGSLEY
READING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Editor's Note—*Posterity, seeking in vain to find his like, will treasure our artist's conception of the great American Casanova.*



Speaking of Pains in the Neck

are you keeping up on the Loew "tours," usually comprised of a bunch of screen has-beens and would-be's, engineered by Nils Granland?

* * *

Famous "Girls-De-Looks"

Barney Gerard's "Girls-de-Looks" heralded unanimously by both public and press as without exception the sensation of the season, will play Miner's Bronx week of March 21st in commemoration of Miner's 57th Anniversary. The "Girls-de-Looks" is lauded by all critics as superior to some Broadway productions billed as musical comedies. The chorus is an outstanding feature of the production, which is gorgeously staged, with no expense spared to make it the "last word in Burlesque." Joseph K. Watson and Will H. Cohan are unquestionably the most perfect combination in the field today. It is an accepted fact that the "Girls-de-Looks" have placed Barney Gerard among the foremost producers of burlesque, the name itself being an ironclad guarantee of a good night's entertainment.

* * *

The Sucker List

Wise Guy—The guy that fakes a Boston trip and gets back to the flat the day after the other John has dug for the rent.

Easy Mark—The come-on who falls for the lost furs story and yanks her down to Bowsky's for a new Hudson Seal.

Soft Slob—The hick who sends her transportation to come east, and she blows the ticket for half price and spends the kale to get Jimmie a new wrist-watch.

Cash Extractor—The wren who always works Gertie in on the party, and gives the Bimbo a sob party about her friend's sick mother, pocketing half the contrib. for herself.

Does Harry Hornik contend that the afternoon teas at the Biltmore are ALMOST complete 'cause Mabel K— and Mary H— are still wintering south?

* * *

Getting in Society

One of the casting directors of the Famous Players told an applicant the other day he was sorry he hadn't a place for him but if he'd come back Thursday he could use him in a scene of four hundred people. "Fine" said Young Atmosphere, "I've always wanted to be one of the four hundred."

* * *

The Sad Case of Peggy Schram

Probably only a few of her old associates of the "Golden Girl" chorus know of the pathetic affliction which overtook Peggy Schram a few months ago. Peggy was one of the statuesque brunette beauties of that delightful Herbert triumph of music and novelty —you remember the tall girl who used to stand next to Marcia White in the ensembles. Peggy was also in "Scandals" and other Broadway hits. About the last of the past year she was committed to Bellevue for observation where she remained quite a time, and later was sent to Ward's Island for further treatment, where she now is. The physicians seem quite unable either to diagnose her case or afford her relief. A part explanation might be a vaudeville act, in which it is said she put considerable money just before malady appeared. Some of her old friends possessed of human sympathy, such as Marcia White and Vie Quinn, have often visited the unfortunate girl and done all they could to comfort her.

* * *

Is Jerry Baum still wondering who gave Mildred the string of poils?

* * *

Who gave Charlotte L—— from Lynbrook the bath at Mildred Motyer's party?

Finest Materials, Workmanship Unexcelled. ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

Fisher, Stay Home All You Can!

FARMER, Hungarian, wants convalescent boarder; wife graduate nurse; all conveniences; quiet home; reasonable. Fisher, box 24, Montgomery, N. Y.

* * *

January and May

Kinda sad. MAY is a Nice Lady who not long since was manageress in one of Broadway's selected lunch-places. Everyone looked for her happy smile and greeting. One day —gone. "Where" said we, through a mouthful of chicken plate. "Married." One evening we go in and she is sitting with JANUARY. Now the waited-upon where she formerly worked. JANUARY was fussing about his soft toast order. MAY had a serious manner of constraint. Poor MAY.

* * *

A French Lady and a Famous Manager

Tom Moore and Renee Adoree were married on Feb. 14 at Los Angeles. Mabel Normand was maid of honor. Jack Pickford served as best man—**News item**.

He! He! Hah! Hah! and a couple of Ho Hums!! Sounds lovely, mild and peaceful, doesn't it? But somewhere in dear old New York is a famous manager, one of the best and most popular of chaps, who can't see it exactly in that light. For he had, in the two or three months previous to the little celebration at Los Angeles, been the devoted suitor of the lady with the queer French monicker, and so warmly had he pressed his suit—in his own non-sartorial way —that his portables were all packed in the blissful ides of February ready for a dash to the coast, there to enfold the charming Renee in a nuptial embrace. Just before he hailed a Black and White for the Grand Central a messenger boy rushed up with a wire from the "intended" stating that she had changed her mind (or words to that effect) and was to marry Sir Tom Moore. She was not even waiting at the church....Little bird further chirps that, to cap this climax of spurned fealty and woe, came an early phone from a well-known flame of yester-year (whose initials might possibly be K. L.) containing the sweet salutation: "Now, how do you like your d— French —?"



What this marvelous man can accomplish by his magical fusion of Chiropractic and Phycho-Analysis in healing disease was brought to our attention the other day in a way he is not even aware of.

The star of a Broadway show had told us her physical condition would make it necessary in a few days to quit work. This was on a Monday. We saw her a week later, full of smiles and cheer. Said she: "I have had the most remarkable experience. Just ready to flop, I happened to see in your magazine one of your articles on Dr. Theodore Kohler. I had a sudden impulse to go to him—a last act of desperation, as it were. I phoned the Dr. at 7692 Watkins for an appointment and the same day went to his offices at 424 W. 24. What do you think? With just two treatments every one of my ills disappeared as though by magic; I was an absolutely new person in body and mind. By tonight I thought another name would shine in electric lights at our theatre—but mine is still there to stay."

Having heard so many similar stories, we did not doubt a word she said.

Maybe YOU are vitally interested in this wonderful testimony.

WORTZMAN, Inc. Tailors to the Gentlewoman, have advocated for years the "back to America" movement as regards the creation of gowns, dresses and suits for American women. It is only a few weeks ago that Blanche Sweet, the Gish girls and the Talmadge sisters came back from Paris loudly voicing their resolve "never to buy another gown in Paris." Their consensus of opinion was that the American costumers have it all over the French both in materials and style. This has been preached for a long time by WORTZMAN, Inc. who themselves are the leaders in New York of smart modes for smart femininity, the increase of their trade being little short of phenomenal. So great has the WORTZMAN business become that they have created the famous new "Gown Studio" which opens its doors at 25 West 57, on the 25th of this month, a cordial invitation being extended to the profession.

* * *

The new FROLIC show, nine o'clock and midnight, is drawing immense crowds nightly atop the New Amsterdam roof with its blaze of beauty and its artistic finess, now a Ziegfeldian proverb. The present sensation of the show is Geneva Mitchell, for whom the greatest things are predicted.

* * *

MOE GUMBLE, the man who put the melody in music publishing for Remick & Co., is not long since back from a visit to Toronto, where his house has recently opened a branch office in the Brass building. They have placed Jack Mendelsohn in charge. The spring catalogue of this famous house contains the usual number of "hits" sung, played and whistled everywhere.

* * *

Be sure to visit the gown shop of Mlle. Pearl, 53 West 47, who carries also a very fine selection of Furs and Novelties.

"If we haven't got it, it doesn't exist" is virtually the slogan of the Winter Garden Drug Store. We've proved it by asking the polite proprietors, Messrs. Tor and Ornstein, for almost everything inside and outside the pharmacopeia. It's yes every time.

* * *

Martin Beck, of the Orpheum Circuit, has just returned from an extended southern tour, looking full of his usual vim and energy.

* * *

Who is the guy in the Knickerbocker Theatre building who keeps late hours with the bob-tailed typist? Ain't we got fun?

* * *

News of Jack Mills, Inc.

A new fox-trot ballad described as "enchanting" is in the hit class.... Billy James, noted song-writer, just been made Professional Mgr....Jack Mills had a great trip in the firm's interests throughout the N. E. states ....Minstrel shows everywhere grabbing Greamer & Layton's blues fox-trot "Strut Miss Lizzie."..... Milt Hagen, the uncrowned king of music publicity, still bending feverishly over his Underwood. If you see it in his flimsy, it's so.

* * *

Why did Bruce Bethel battle so hard one night recently in a Broadway restaurant? Was it because the sweetie was using come-hither eyes on the floor, and is it true that Brucie also lost a ring?

* * *

Will the popularity contest include Ethel Meyer and Miss Stern, of the Rivoli, not forgetting Kathryn Sheehan of the Strand?

* * *

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MISS THE GRAND OPENING OF THE NEW WORTZMAN & MALLARD "GOWN STUDIO," ARE YOU? Place, 25 West 57. Date, March 25.

"MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS OF 1921" AT THE CENTURY

A tumult of music and color marks "The Midnight Rounders of 1921" on the Century Promenade. This new show is melodied by Jean Schwartz, staged by Jack Mason, with lyrics by Alfred Bryant, and is presented under the personal supervision of J. J. Shubert. In the large cast are Jessica Brown (in fascinating dances) Gladys Walton and Ted Lorraine, Arthur Donnelly, Olga Cook and J. Harold Murray, Guiran and Marguerite, Corinne Sales and Lou Edwards, Tot Qualters, Florence Rayfield and others. The original dancing floor adjoining the stage has been restored and the roof redecorated in sumptuous manner befitting the high-class patronage that crowds it nightly. The show itself is a delight from start to finish, with one gorgeous spectacle after another, beautiful girls and captivating tunes.

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 49

If it's a REMICK song, it's a CLEAN song

"REMICK" STANDS FOR THE BEST IN MUSIC PUBLISHING

And Here's a Great CLEAN Comedy Song that will start you right

AIN'T WE GOT FUN

by WHITING, EGAN & KAHN

GOOD, CLEAN HUMOR, WITH LOTS OF LAUGHS, AND NOT A LINE THAT CAN BE CENSORED OR OBJECTIONABLE TO ANY AUDIENCE. SEND FOR A COPY

HAPPINESS

GEO. MEYER'S BEAUTIFUL FOX TROT BALLAD
A SURE FIRE HIT

ALL FOR YOU

A WONDERFUL FOX TROT MELODY
BY ARNOLD JOHNSON - A GREAT LYRIC BY BENNY DAVIS

WITHOUT YOU

BY GUMBLE, GREER, & MITCHELL
A SONG YOU'LL LOVE TO SING - A POSITIVE HIT NUMBER

SPRINGTIME
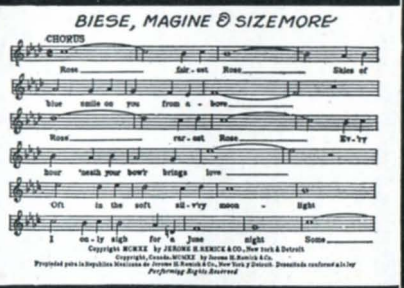
THE FEATURE HIT OF ANATOL FRIEDLANDS BIG TIME ACT
A SURE FIRE HIT FOR EVERY ACT THAT CAN USE A BALLAD

THE OUTSTANDING HIT OF THE SEASON!

ROSE

THAT BEAUTIFUL FOX TROT MELODY HIT BY

BIESE, MAGINE & SIZEMORE



NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

BY MITCHELL & MEYER
AS SURE A HIT AS WE EVER PRESENTED

SPANISH LOU

BY SIDNEY MITCHELL & LEW POLLACK
THE SEASON'S GREATEST NOVELTY "BLUES" SONG

BEAUTIFUL ANNABELL LEE

THE WALTZ SONG SUPREME OF THE YEAR
BY BRYAN & MEYER

DEAREST ONE

KAHN & BLAUFUSS' FOLLOW UP FOR
"MY ISLE OF GOLDEN DREAMS"

NIGHTINGALE

BY VINCENT ROSE
WRITER OF "AVALON"

AVALON

THE MOST TALKED OF SONG OF THE YEAR
Written by ROSE and JOLSON

JAPANESE SANDMAN

WHITING and EGAN'S BEAUTIFUL BALLAD HIT

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Hast been invited to the wonderful formal "opening" Billy Kurth is going to give at his Long Beach villa next month? And isn't Billy playing safe by using the old under-cover stuff on the hostess in the meantime?

?

Why is Dan Caswell, the Cleveland boy, drowning his sorrows these nights 'long the Great Rye Way? Does he think it might help to bring about a reconciliation with his wife, the famed Jessie Reed?

?

What is that going on 'tween Willie C—— and Virginia Tavares?

?

Why did the girls in a midnight show sign a round robin against Peggy Brown, who took air as a result?

?

Did life among the steel mills and millionaires get too dull for pretty Flo Firestone, the Pittsburg beauty, who breezed into town recently?

?

And they DO say that Violet Vernon of the "Sally" Co. is engaged?

?

Under heading of Affecting Items: "Lucy Cotton has gone off on a yachting trip."

?

Under heading of Unimportant News: "Hale Hamilton has written a play."

?

Miles Price is arranging for another merry summer at Long Beach, where he was the most popular visitor last year. Miles is a marvelous host and a regular fellow, and his rug business is cleaning up a fortune for him, he being one of the big men in New York in this line.



MME. POLLY

World-Known Hairdresser

wishes to inform you that her famous

Beauty Preparations

are now on sale at

SUPERIOR N. Y. DEPT. & DRUG STORES

¶ Makes NO APPOINTMENTS. *Don't CALL up—WALK up.*

216 WEST 42nd STREET

(One door West of New Am. Theatre)

SEEING IS BELIEVING—WHY NOT NOW? ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

They Wore "Bobbed Hair" Thirty Years Ago!

Mme. Polly, the world-known hairdresser of 216 West 42nd, was reminiscing on hair fashions the other day. The Mme. recalled that away back twenty-eight and thirty years ago, when she first started business, there was a craze for bobbed hair. Today there is another. Wherever you go, opera, restaurant, theatre, concert you see the abbreviated locks---and, what is more, as Mme. Polly points out, bobbed hair vastly improves a woman's appearance. The Mme. says that at present long hair looks almost as old-fashioned as long skirts. Moreover she claims she is the only woman in New York who knows HOW to bob hair, yet what do you think, she does it for three dollars, which includes the whole operation of shampooing, bobbing and curling! And for thirty-one years her prices have been unchanged. Today she gives you a Marcelle and Hairdressing for 50c.! With her smiling face thrown in free, that is worth a hundred dollars any time to cheer you up!

Comedies of a Revolving Floor

The famous revolving-floor in Murray's Restaurant has probably created many amusing situations since it started to go round eight or ten years ago. A friend of ours had a funny experience only the other night. This boy was cheating and he thought a secluded table in Murray's would be a sure hideaway. But on entering the place with the new cutie, what was his dismay to see his girl there! Being a trifle short-sighted she did not notice him, and he secured a table at the far corner where he felt perfectly secure. He was in the middle of a tender love passage with cutie about twenty minutes later, when he suddenly looked up to meet the eye of his real sweetie, right at his elbow. He had forgotten all about the revolving floor!

* * *

We hear that Grace Manning, favorite Hostess at Folies Bergere, whiles away her spare time giving private dancing instruction.

* * *

Why the bunch of sleuths at Hotel Walton—and who put Mrs. N. wise?

Broadway's Latest Discovery !

Schuyler 8789

SHEFRIN'S

PURE FOOD SHOP

449 Columbus Avenue

(near 81st at "L" station)

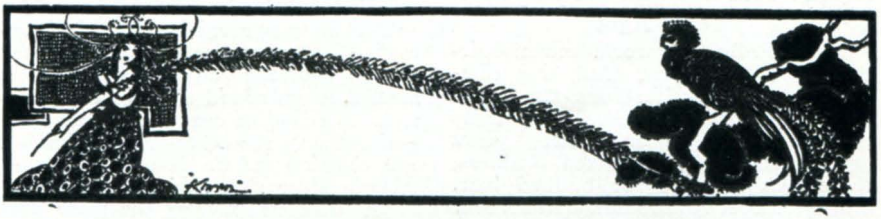
Schuyler 8789

"Broadwayites," especially professionals, love to find new places of unique character, where celebrities are to be seen. All the talk now is ***"SHEFRIN'S"*** the new meeting place in day-time and at midnight. Come and be convinced.

TABLE LUXURIES---FRENCH PASTRY
FAMOUS SANDWICHES---and Spotless Cleanliness!

POPULAR SANDWICH PARLOR

BEAUTIFUL NEW CATALOGUE READY—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 246 W. 42



Miss Trude's Appreciation

March 15th, 1921.

My dear Mr. Editor:—

Allow me to tell you how much I appreciated your recent visit to the grill of the Cafe des Beaux Arts. I regret that I was unable to stay longer at your table owing to the demands made upon my time by my many friends.

Enjoying the work as I do, it affords me the greatest pleasure to anticipate the needs of our patrons from their arrival until they leave. In this aim I am happy to say that I have the wholehearted cooperation and accord of our popular manager, Mr. John Johnidas.

For recognition you have shown of our work and efforts through the pages of "BROADWAY BREVITIES," please accept my heartiest thanks.

With all best wishes,
Very sincerely,
MAE TRUDE

* * *

Two of the most congenial boys you could find along Broadway run the popular Palace Cigar Store located at 148 West 45th. Abe and Sam are ever and always on the alert, with their winning smiles, to make new friends. "The only place in N. Y. that Eddie Cantor buys his smokes!"

* * *

"Forced to Live in Newark, She Sues"

This is headline from Evening World. Let us see, Newark has a population of about 900,000. A similar suit no doubt would willingly be brought by 900,000 residents of the town.

* * *

Betty Jordan, late star of stage and screen, has temporarily given up the profession in favor of a modiste shop specializing in Parisian kimonos. Here's a wish for crowds of success for charming Betty.

Helen Leaps Again

When we had occasion, in our capacity of guardian of the rectitude of Bway, to relate a few issues ago the unseemly leaping of Helen Neary we thought and hoped the little girl, once a beauty in "Frivolities," would take the reproof to heart. But, alas! It was only a few nights ago (at a restaurant opening) that Helen excelled all past leaping performances by shieing an empty bottle at a girl acquaintance, which glass container, if it had found its mark, might have put the recipient on a dusty shelf at Campbell's. We certainly hope Helen will see the folly of her present reckless conduct, and also not be sore if in addition to the hundreds of restaurant spectators, a few thousands more read about her leaping in BREVITIES.

* * *

Martha Mansfield Confesses What We Suspected

Martha Mansfield has an article in a dramatic weekly, entitled "How I Broke into the Movies." The dictionary defines breaking into as "violently entering. Those who have followed Martha's progress can now understand what a responsibility the Selznicks have on their hands.

* * *

When Aimee Gouraud Wrote (?) "Moon Madness"

Glimpsing Harold Sussman on Broadway t'other day, coincident with rumblings across wintry seas that Aimee Crocker Gouraud, the pyrotechnical, plans an early return to these shores, awakened an interesting memory. About fifteen years ago the versatile Aimee, bored by her Buddhas and her midnight dinners to Vesk Surratt, in her town house on 54th St. looked about her for other whirls to conquer. She was thereupon bitten fiercely by the **bacillus literatis.** For one wearied with the tantalizations of ton and the continuous umber tastes of the morning after, it was a brilliant bit of ideation. Here was old Mary Roberts Rinehart turning out thril-

SEEING IS BELIEVING—WHY NOT NOW? ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

GREENWICH VILLAGE INN

Famous restaurant of the Village

Barney Gallant, *Manager*

SHERIDAN SQUARE

Opposite Greenwich Village Theatre

lers by the score, to the vivid delight of all the chambermaids and butlers on Murray Hill, so what was to prevent the good Aimee from pulling the authorship stuff? Ah! that's the rub—What was to prevent? There was a whole hell of a lot to prevent. For up to that time Aimee's literary performance had been restricted to the writing of grocer's orders or notes of acknowledgment to the Ahkoond of Swat of the gift of an ivory idol or a rare scarab. However, if love can laugh at locksmiths, checks can certainly make faces at publishers, and 'twas but few short months until prowlers in Brentano's found a small volume of stories, with "Moon Madness" on its bedizened front, bearing the name of Aimee Crocker Gouraud. There it was—and what were you going to do about it. It sold well—into three or four editions. Probably only a baker's dozen in New York were ever in on the secret that "Moon Madness" was from the pen of her brilliant secretary, Harold Sussman. The present historian is in no doubt. He happens to have printed the book.

* * *

Did you ever know that Mary and Florence Nash are called "The Mink Sisters"? Due to the fact of their invariable mink-skin coats. And didja ever know, too, that that exceptionally saturnine villain in "Thy Name Is Woman," is played by little Mary's hubby, to wit, Jose Ruben? We'll say he's the villainest villain we ever saw.

* * *

'Tis said that about the middle of April, Joan Sawyer will wing her way back to Paris, where she is to appear in a new revue.

"I Want You for My Baby"—All Right Says Abie

It was probably the late Anna Held who originated those enticing personal appeals to audiences, such as "Wont you Come and Play Wiz Me?" etc. that have been so consistently utilized by hundreds of less enamoring imitators. The sophisticated theatre-goer, of course, does not translate the appeal literally, however willing he might be to leave his seat; even when accompanied by his storm and strife, and enfold the siren in his manly arms. But after all these years of invitation to "Come and fondle me" and "You're the boy I love," it was just about the time for some guy to act on the request, and so we find little Abie Wolfitz, breaking the jinx the other night at the Comedy Theatre, Brooklyn. Abie leaped to the stage, and grabbed some dizzy blonde who had been singing an appeal straight at him. Some of the audience howled, "Aw, let 'im fondle her," but it didn't impress the cop who yanked Abie into the wings. Ten dollars the a. m. following was what it cost Abie for his efforts to assist beauty in distress.

"Yes, Sir!"

ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND

won't let your feet behave

at

FOLIES BERGERE

50th and Broadway

GO TO ANNA SPENCER, Inc., FOR YOUR SMART GOWNS, 244 W. 42



Miss Joan Sawyer, internationally famous danseuse, who dances at the Beaux-Arts Supper Club nightly, assisted by Lee Tanton, her dancing partner.

Miss Sawyer is as well known in the smart cafes and restaurants of Paris or London, as she is in New York. She was one of the first professional dancers to turn her art towards "society dancing," helping materially to make it a fad. She is the creator of many original dances, chief among which is the Hesitation Waltz. It was her interest in this graceful dance which brought waltzing back to its old-time popularity.

"The Curse of an Aching Heart"

which was either written or wrotten by Henry Fink, and used to make all the chambermaids cry their mascara off, has now an intense personal significance. For little Henry is threatened with the closing of his Ritz Restaurant across the Bridge as "a dry law nuisance." The Federal authorities have brought injunction proceedings looking to the suspension of the place for a year.

* * *

Any new production launched in New York will find "Tom Lawrence" there on the opening night.

* * *

It is a fair speculation that Mrs. Isabella Cora Orthwein, who shot Herbert Zeigler in Chicago a week or two ago, must be a relative by her late husband of Edith Hall Orthwein of Kansas City, who about twelve years ago wrote the purple, passionate novel, "Love in the Weaving," for some weeks on the list of best sellers. When we last heard about her, Edith had her own family jars, it being rumored that she contemplated a divorce from her hubby, "Chit" Orthwein, a member of the noted and wealthy Orthweins of Missouri. Edith at one time had to give her temperament a rest in an up-state sanatorium whence she flung the Sapphic pages of her novel.

* * *

The slogan of Harvey's studio in the Palace Hotel is "the last word in artistic photographic portraiture."

* * *

It is not known that Palm Beach is trying to compete with the notorious Savin Rock, near New Haven, but from reports dribbling through to Broadway it has harbored this year the biggest bunch of "Cash-extractors" ever seen in one place at one time. The Palm Beach gold-diggers are generalled by a notorious character, as well known on Market street as on Times Square, and the society women are massing themselves in front of their meal-tickets to repel the fierce spring drive.

* * *

Ex "Judge" Shafer, who has recently launched the first of a series of "Tabloids" in the N. E. states has taken the Bostonians by storm with his "Girls 'n Everything." All hail to the King of "Tabloidom"!



ANNETTE BADE

one of the charming principals of the Ziegfeld "Frolic."

"Al" Silberman, one of the popular boys on Broadway, has joined BREVITIES' staff as Advertising Manager.

* * *

Everyone was pleased when Mannie Eichner, the popular Gaiety Theatre Bldg. agent for automobile, restaurant and general insurance was seen around again after coming safely through a very serious illness. Mannie is one of the best-liked experts in his line, and his many clients as well as friends rejoiced to see him around again.

* * *

When Louis Stein, leader of the Beaux Arts orchestra steps out with his jazz fiddle, there's only one thing to do and that's—dance.

* * *

We doff our Kelly to Gus Edwards when it comes to picking a flock of talented and pretty girls and putting them together in a big time act. As witness the Gus Edward's Revue, now playing the Keith circuit, and pulling down a big hand everywhere seen. Gus has been aptly called the "Dean" of revue showmen. He has discovered more young talent than anyone in the business to which he adds his personal fame as a song-writer and as one of the best of chaps.

GOWNS AND DRESSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42



VIOLET McMILLEN

beauty of stage and screen, who has just rested up after a wonderful birthday party given in her honor at Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn. This was on March 4, the celebration being tendered by a Maiden Lane magnate, many prominent professionals, a sprinkling of Westchester society and even several minions of the law being present. But the latter not in their official capacity, dearie, for they sat right in the festive party amid banks of orchids and beakers of the pre-Volstead period. Violet confesses it was just one red letter event in her young life, and is now considering whether she oughtn't to spring another birthday in the early summer! Will think it over.

'Tis whispered that Evvy Nesbit intends to open a tea shop.

* * *

Sophie Tucker has a real knock-out with her at Reisenweber's. She sings duets, quartettes and quintettes with them—and then some. Sophie came into Reisenweber's with a bunch of advance publicity and with her new songs drew some splendid notices from all the papers. As we have said so many times before—if you want to know how great an artist she is you can soon prove it. Just go hear someone else sing her songs!

* * *

Dr. Sauchelli has written and dedicated to his fellow-chiropractors a new melody entitled, "The Trail of the Lonesome Spine."

* * *

Mumma, But Listen to This!

Here's a cuckoo of a title for a dance-piece—"Wrest-Step." If you feel peeved about it, don't fly at us, but take your spite out on Dave Clark. He wrote it. And you might pay a few respects also to Jimmie Rocca, leader of Dixieland Jazz Band, for we believe he's mixed up in it. You'll be madder than ever when we state that the sub-title of this masterpiece is "The Baboon."

* * *

Is it true that the sweetie of the pianist in a noted Broadway orchestra done went and blew her little usher boy friend to a vode matinee the other afternoon?

* * *

Does Doc Lawhun of the Photo Play Corp. at 1983 Madison ave. know that his pic in the papers alibis our old friend, Doctor Hirshberg almost perfectly? Bet he can't alibi our friend Doc's perennial smile!

* * *

Who put Geanne Klein's picture in the *Telegraph*—and WHY?

* * *

Why does Lilly squawk about old man Joe playing 'round Fritzie?

* * *

Who rolls the pills so George H—— gets the $20,000 pipe dreams?

GOWNS AND DRESSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS—ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244 W. 42

Did you hear that tantalizing new waltz-song by Billy Baskette, "Mammy's Dreamy Melody"? Billy wrote "Good-bye Broadway," "Hawaiian Butterfly," "Everybody Wants the Key to my Cellar," etc., etc. His new song promises to be a successor to the "Missouri Waltz."

* * * *

We hear that the famous ARISTOCRAT RESTAURANT, 120 West 72, plans to install an orchestra, and remain open until three or four a. m. to accommodate their growing night patronage.

* * * *

If you want to see a bustling, hustling beauty-shop, you ought to drop in at the parlors of CHARLES & ERNEST, at 2295 Broadway. There you will find the last word in beauty appliances and treatments, and a steady stream of the best class of professionals. Mr. Ernest tells us he has 20 experts in his Broadway shop, and almost as many in their branch at 1005 Madison avenue. They handle a line of noted beauty preparations.

* * * *

How can John Dean always sing "Ain't we got fun?"—and never touch a drop?

?

Did you know that popular assistant manager Colle, of the Little Club, has been there ever since the Justine Johnson days?

?

Are you aware that photographer Ira Schwarz has moved from 42 West 39 to wonderful new quarters at 137 West 56?

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Ladies' Hairdressing Parlors

2295 Broadway — Phone 5449 Schuyler

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¶ The leaders of the New York "profession" come to us for hair and beauty treatment, in every branch of which we are *specialists.*

¶ "A visit convinces!"

PHONE EITHER SHOP FOR APPT.



Miss Joan Sawyer is not only an able exponent of Terpsichore, but a woman of marvelous charm and personality. She also is widely followed in dress fashions by society women throughout the country. On her recent return she brought with her some exquisite examples of the fashions of the French capitol and her ability to grace these costumes would make the little mannikin of the fashion stage, look to her laurels.

AMUSEMENT BREVITIES

Sophie Tucker, the inimitable, makes her re-entry at Reisenweber's. Oh, boy, what a reception!

Winter Garden celebrates its tenth anniversary on the coming 20th.

David W. Griffith's super-picture, "Way Down East" is in its thirtieth jammed week at the 44th Street.

Florence Reed, the great luminary of "The Mirage" has done wonders with her charity, "The Stage Stars' Fund."

Player rolls releases include ten songs from Jack Mills, Inc.

Bennie Davis delights nightly with his sensational new songs at the different Broadway restaurants. How that "Make Believe" song of his bucks you up every time he sings it!

Gus Schult, proprietor of the popular "Ben Hur" restaurant at City Island, back from a three months' tour of Europe. Gus says New York never looked so good to him as when he sailed up the bay. He is redecorating the "Ben Hur" in lavish style for the Spring opening.

"The Room Royal" of CLUB MAURICE, 209 West 51st, is gay nightly with some of the smartest patronage in the city, enjoying its unusual appointments, superior cuisine and noted orchestra.

* * * *

Why didn't Marion let go of the phone when she fell off the bed?

?

Doesn't little red-haired Helen Sanderson of "Sally" take 'em like Grant took Richmond? She is cert accumulating all the exteriors of prosperity.

SAM WARD

WRITES ANYTHING
FOR ANY KIND OF ACT

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Two Performances Nightly.
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Staged and Produced by Billy Arnold.

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